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Elmond Franklin McNaught

SPARKLES

I

See, I am bringing you happiness—
A great handful of cherry-blooms:
Hear that bird singing!
The trees are full of witchery,
And there's where we find poems.

II

The rose-bush is afire with roses.
I could make a flag of flowers:
The corn-flowers are as deep as the blue,
And daisies are the flag's white stars.

III

July is a time of fireworks:
Some leave a trail of light like a comet;
One is a rainbow;
One makes a geyser of fire,
And one an eddy of stars.
These are foolish fires;
Winter fire has thoughts.

Elmond Franklin McNaught (nine years old)

IN THE MORNING

In the morning I hear the night
Pitifully crying,
And the leaves,
Standing on their little arms,
Sing and sing.
In the daylight,
When the sun is rising,
It is so sweet
To hear the trees dance;
For when they dance,
They sing a little song
For the people whom they love so.
For those who are good they sing a good song,
But for those who are bad they sing a bad song.
And so it always goes!

Juliana Allison Bond (four years old)